

THE
POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

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You have heard how it has been said in old time: a bright young man got himself on credit a hand me down printing press and a shirt tail full of type, a bundle of paper and a daub of ink to launch a periodical on the sea of an unsuspecting public; to make an editor or become a slave in the attempt; any one or both.

Out of the reek and wrack of such hit and miss procedures there did come out of such trials by fire a brand of old hickory, self made and self sustaining newspaper men. Of many it could be said of such hardy souls they could take the biggest drinks of liquor and write the dullest editorials. However, in rare instances the flux was just right, the dross to consume, the gold to refine, for from the flames would arise, phoenix like, an editor all to the good.

Would that I could go on with descriptive tribute to such an editor whose price is far above rubies, but the above labored writing is merely preface to saying future editors of America are now being milled out in the Department of Journalism of the University of West Virginia: "The education and training of newspaper men and women should be on a level with the preparation of other leading professions." And here, too, would that I could jay off on to a piece of writing about how our University is now fulfilling its sphere by weaving strands into the warp and woof of citizenship which strengthen the fabric of our social order. This too will have to be deferred for I have some good writing to present.

Some weeks ago I wrote a piece on the present low estate of the Fourth Estate; Dr. P. L. Reed, head of the University Department of Journalism read the rambling observations and was provoked to remark, in part as follows:

"The worst aspect of the whole

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stances the charges you make are essentially true, but the best aspect is that men within the profession . . . are taking a rather searching inventory of their journalistic stock and are not waiting for some force from the outside to force and 'housecleaning' upon them. When the editors and publishers themselves have the intelligence and courage to look things fairly in the face and then set out to try to do something about it, we may rest assured that whatever weaknesses we may discover in our profession are likely to be remedied.

"In the journalistic scheme of things the reader is the important factor. He is king. We are all his servants. And so long as we make clear in what we publish that we are first of all thinking of the general welfare, we are not going to get into any difficulty and are going to have plenty of staunch friends among our readers. But when we forget the reader and the general good, he has a way of curing that malady rather promptly. And all of us in the profession know exactly what his method is.

"Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are gems of priceless worth. They belong to the people, not alone to the publisher. With the news reels and the radio hesitating at times to say aloud what some are thinking, it becomes the duty of every newspaperman to see that not the slightest encroachment on the freedom is allowed. And if we play squarely and decently with our reading public, I don't think there is any power on land or sea that is going to shackle in even the smallest way the great liberty that we as newspapermen in this country have enjoyed and value almost above life. One of the best ways for us to keep that power and to withstand every onslaught of our enemies is for us to . . . take an honest look at ourselves and speak, even to ourselves, the truth that may hurt a bit."

I gets a letter the other day from a writer's project bringing the request to give some facts and figures about the Greenbank community, and some fancies in the way of a tall hunting story about Huntersville.

To consider the last item of the request first, I will here again reprint the panther killing experience of Squire James Sharp, more than a century since. The Squire was a son of William Sharp, the pioneer, who settled at Huntersville in 1773, at the age of about 30 years. His declaration for a pension in 1832, recites that he saw service in the campaign to the Indian towns in 1764, to bring back captives; that he was one of the two

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tuberculosis. The gentlemen with)

ing calf. Properly reinforced, Mr Sharp went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there beheld what no hunter had seen before or since: Nine dead panthers; every shot had told with fatal effect. It appears there were seasons when these animals went in packs and this appears to have been one of those times.

Greenbank, lovely village of upper Pocahontas, is situated in the green plain like valley of the Deer Creek and its North Fork. The first settlers came there prior to the American Revolution from the Valleys of the Shenandoah, the Jackson, the Cowpasture and the South Branch of the Potomac Rivers. These settlers were mostly Scotch Irish, with some English and German names.

I have heard the name came from the grassy slope of the plateau on which the old Liberty Church and the modern high school are situated. This sunny bank greens early in spring and so the name. However, I put some dependance in the tradition the place was named for the sake of the village of Greenbank in old England. Anyway one of the early settlers was William Nottingham, a native of England, a part of whose farm is now a part of the Uriah Hevener estate. He came here just after the Revolution, and maybe he bethought himself of the village of Greenbank back home when he saw his new home surroundings.

Sometime prior to the Revolution John Warwick settled at the forks of Deer Creek on lands still occupied by his descendants. Here he built the community fort, as early as 1770 and maybe a year or two before the great rush into this valley beginning about that year. The erection of this fort in such good hunting and fishing country was exasperating to the Indians, and they were very troublesome to the settlers living within reach of the fort. On one occasion, an Indian was seen to climb a tree to reconnoitre the fort; he was located and shot by Major Jacob Warwick. Once when this fort was invested by Indians, one of the attacking party shot an arrow into the enclosure from the top of the "Mole Hill" where

days is the large gallery for the colored retainers of the families of the congregation. Meeting house and session room have ever been kept up in good repair and in recent years a Sunday School room has been added. Strong pastors have served this people. In the early days there were such men as Dr. Kennedy, from New Jersey; Dr. John C. Barr, later for so many years pastor of the First Church in Charleston; P. A. H. Hamilton, later of Staunton; and William T. Price. The ed the dedicatory sermon more than 80 years ago.

Greenbank is a village but it has a high school which in size and importance would be a credit to a city of five thousand people. For that matter by means of transportation of pupils it serves a wide spread population of the big Greenbank District.

Away back in 1842, General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia established the Greenbank Academy, a preparatory branch of the University of Virginia. For nearly twenty years this academy played an important part in the culture and educational development of a virile people until broken up by the war between the states.

No part of West Virginia was more thoroughly ravaged by war than Pocahontas county, and no part of the county suffered in greater degree than Greenbank. The contending forces were marching, camping, fighting and raiding through from the very beginning to almost the end, with home talent bush whacking activities on the side most any time.

Greenbank was strongly southern in sympathy. The Greenbank Company, or "Mountain Rifles," when mustered in consisted of 110 men. Of these, 100 were six feet or more in height. This company was assigned to the 31st Virginia Infantry a fighting company of a fighting regiment. There were 96 casualties. They followed Jackson from McDowell on. After Jackson's death at the Wilderness, they saw Antietam, Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, around Richmond, Petersburg, and the rest. The company suffered terribly in the Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania Court House. Appomattox

the top of the "Mole Hill" where Appomattox saw Lewat me

STATE ATTRACTIONS

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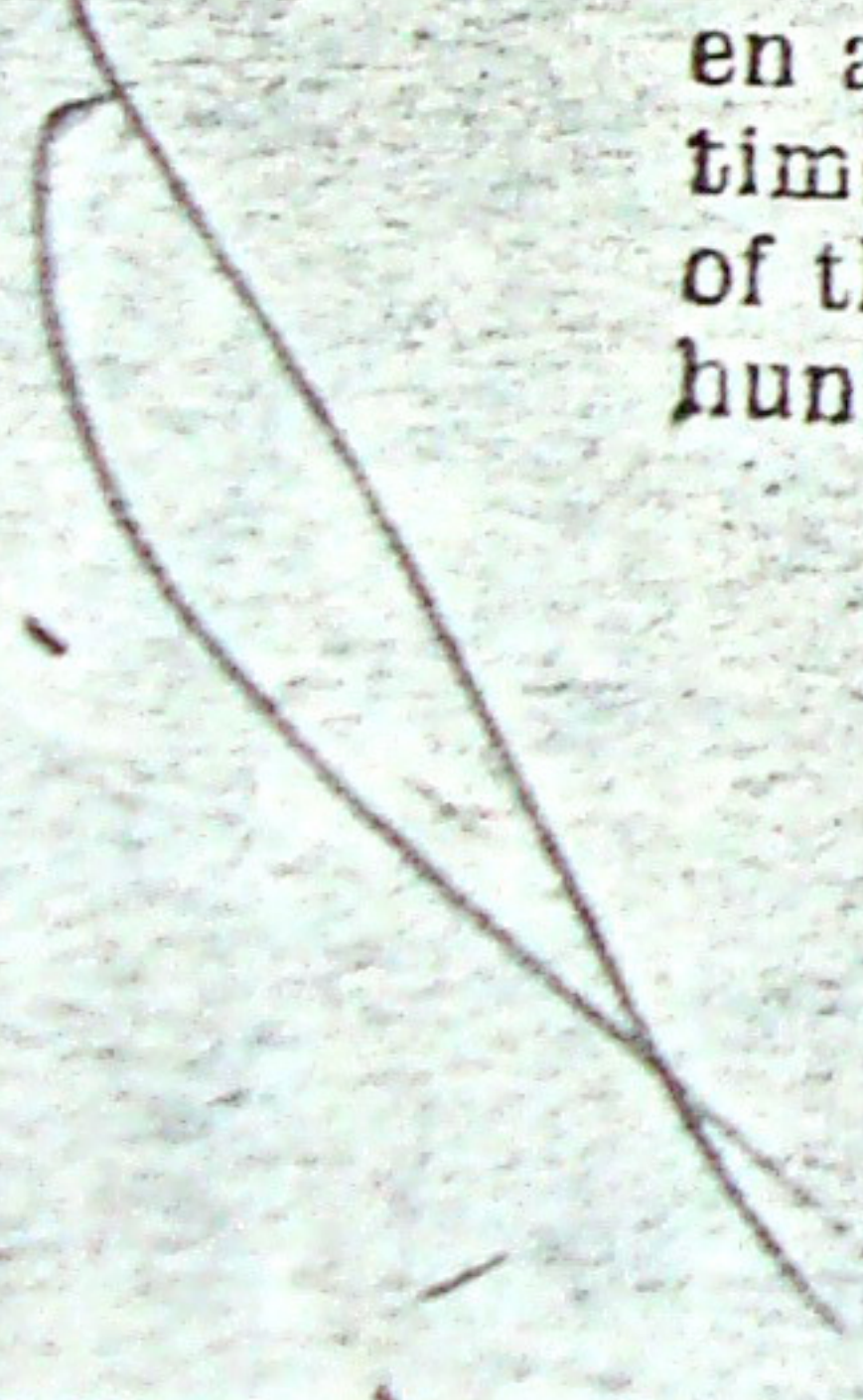
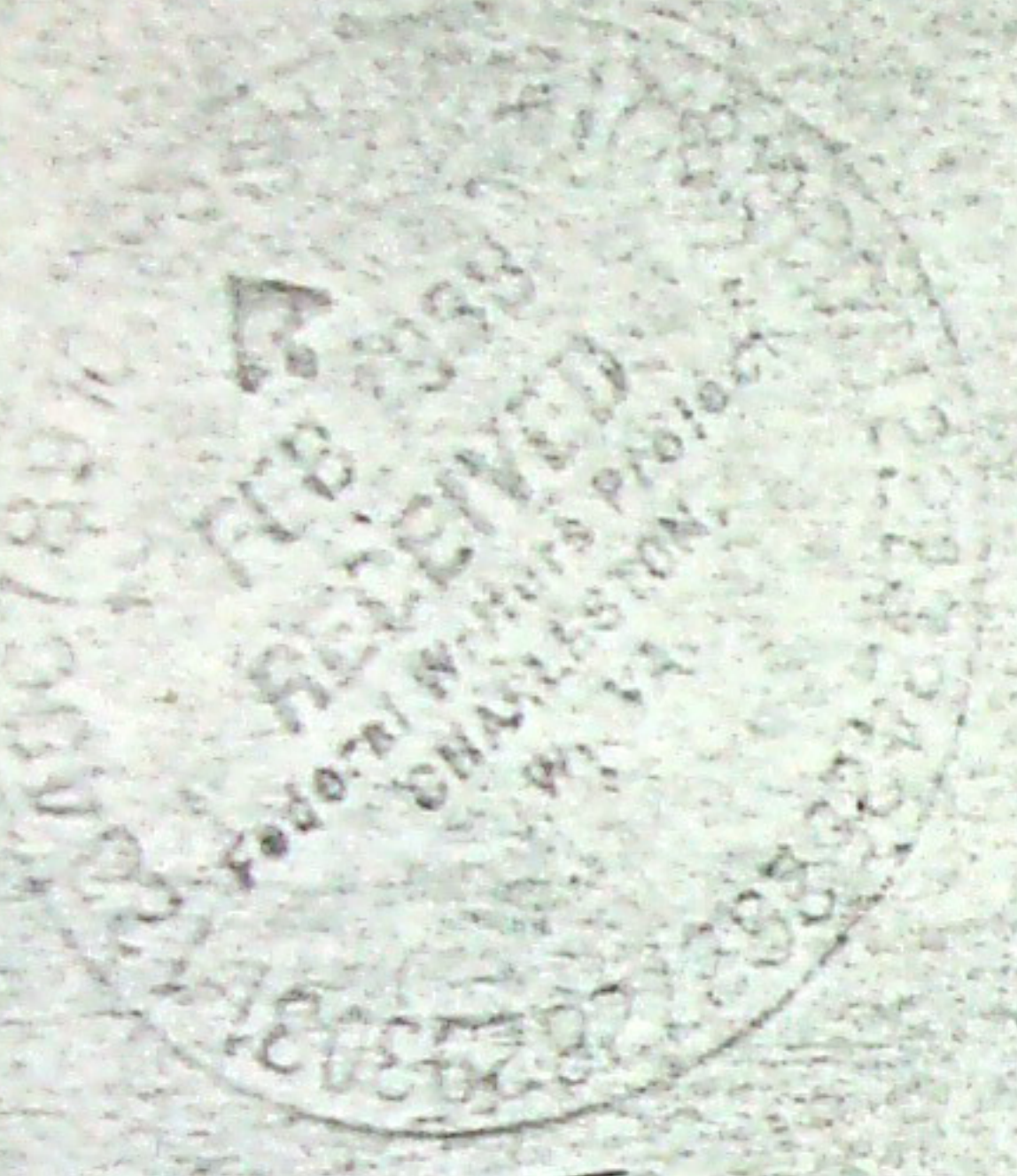
couriers dispatched with messages from General Lewis to Lord Dunmore on the march to the mouth of the Kanawha River, prior to the Battle of Point Pleasant, the fall of 1774: that he saw no service in the war for liberty, which followed. His declining years were spent at the home of his son, James, who was a Commissioner of the Court under the old arrangement when all its members were squires of their respective districts; he was high sheriff of the county and an elder in the church. He was held in esteem for his scrupulous and strict integrity. The Squire was much in the habit of hunting at the proper season, not only for the sport, but as a matter of business, for the proceeds were useful in bartering for family supplies for the comfort and sustenance of his household. While living at Huntersville he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. It was growing late and it was near the time to set out for home. He was passing leisurely along when a panther suddenly mounted a log but a few yards in front of him. He shot the varment, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times. When the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night the remainder of the pack followed the trail of the hunter to his house and killed a year-

the present road forks to Cass. is a measured distance of better than five hundred yards.

Elizabeth, aged 14 years, daughter of Thomas Galford, went on an errand to the mill. She was never seen afterwards. The searching parties found Indian sign; vain pursuit was made and the families hastened to the fort. The fort was attacked; a man named Sloan was killed, and an Indian wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade near Arbovale, and secreted. Hence the name "Hospital Run." One tradition has it the gun shot wound responded to the treatment of chewed sassafras bark and he recovered to go to his village across the Ohio. Another story is that he died and was buried. About 1800 a peaceful band of several hundred Indians came to Greenbank from the Ohio country to a visit to their old hunting and fishing country.

I have found no record as to when the community church was built, but it was along back in the 1790's or the early 1800's. Anyway it was a log structure and old when replaced by Liberty Presbyterian Church in the 1850's. The old church stood where now is the Arbovale cemetery.

In Liberty is preserved the fine simplicity of the early meeting house type of church architecture; painted white its attractiveness is doubly enhanced by its setting in a large park area of oak. An item of the old



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Inventory of Materials

Topic: Biography W. Va.

Title: "The Pathfinder of the Seas" (Matthew F. Maury)

Author: Mrs. Rella F. Yeager

Status: Complete

Date Submitted:

Length: 1950 words

Editor:

Contents: Complete statement on life of "The Pathfinder of the Seas" - Matthew Fontaine Maury. Gives description of his life in U. S. Navy; his scientific charts and volumes, "Sailing Directions"; Brussels Conference of 1853.

Source: _____

Consultant: _____

Reliability: not checked

File: Biography

Folders: _____